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the Greeks, long before the arrival of the Romans, and that they were known to all the eastern countries, is sufficiently plain from Strabo and Bochartus; and also by a comparison of the learning and religion of the Druids, with those of the Indian Brahmins. Being, therefore, once satisfied on this head, there will be little difficulty in agreeing to the general received opinion, that the stones in question were erected for the purposes of worship and government—the two branches of which the religion of the times then consisted.

The Druid's Altar on Mullmast, stands on the east side, and a little down from the summit of the hill. The place commands a view of the round towers of Kildare and Kilcullen, and also of one of the principal scenes of the worship of Beal—Baltinglass, or *Beal-tine-glass*.

Wishing, Mr. Editor, that what I have written may arrest the attention of some of the numerous readers of the Journal, who will be better able to give satisfaction on so interesting a subject, I remain, &c. ENNA.
Glanbane.

PHELIM MCCARTHY.

"Foreign cows wear long horns."—*Irish Proverb.*

The last faint rays of a November sun shed their sickly influence on two travellers, that journeyed over a wild and trackless moor in a western district of the County of Middlesex. They were two, who from difference of dress, feature, and habits, could not be supposed to have existed in a long bond of companionship, but to have been brought together by one of those accidents which frequently jumble into contact, for an hour, travellers, who hold very little in common, save the mere outline of humanity. One, who led the way, was a man of colossal stature; his dress was that of a sailor, and his flat nose, thick lip, and ebou countenance, proclaimed him of African descent. The other, who followed close behind, was genteelly dressed, tall and slender; his complexion was olive, his eye dark and expressive; and he wanted but the Andalusian costume, to indicate him a native of Spain; while his free air, and elastic tread, forming a striking contrast to the ox-like gait and heavy tramp of his companion, proved, I shall not say his genteel descent, but that toil had not rendered rigid his supple nerves, or marred the light freedom of his vigorous frame.

The haze and gloom of the short twilight now succeeded the transient gleam which lately shot athwart their pathway. They had wandered far from the common thoroughfare; and no human habitation, nor trace of living thing, broke the unvaried sameness of the low, monotonous heath, over which the African pressed with lusty stride, but the other traveller seemed to be borne down by fatigue and despondency.

"We had better sit down for an hour," said the latter, "that respite will enable us to pursue our course with fresh vigour, and the moon, which will rise by that time, will afford us light sufficient to find our way to the high road, or explore some cottage that will afford us shelter."

"Avast heaving there," replied the black man, "to turn in to this here cold birth on the moor would set aside the necessity of ever turning out again. We may be thankful, master, that we have not gone down with the Fanny and our messmates to Davy's locker. This lee-gale may yet chop about, and bear us snug into port; but a good seaman would not lie water-logged, while he could grasp an oar, or snatch at a tow-rope."

The first speaker now silently followed the gigantic strides of the black man, till the deep roar of a waterfall struck their ear, and they found they had crossed the extent of the bleak moor, and reached the border of a rapid stream. The gloom of night brooded deep and dark over the surrounding scene; but beyond the river, an ascent, that seemed to be covered with wood, rose against the lowering clouds; on this eminence the figures of rock and tree were dark and undefined—but the murmur of the waving boughs, as the dying gust rustled along the decaying foliage, and anon the wild whistle of the hurrying blast, rushing past the columnar tree or projecting crag, gave indication that the dusky rising space was wooded land. While they stood, irresolute whether to gain the rising ground in front, or shape their course along

the border of the stream, their attention was suddenly caught by a weak but steady light that shone at some distance, amid the vague and formless gloom. Considering that this light must proceed from some human habitation, the travellers determined upon reaching it if possible. They crossed the stream, and forcing their way with extreme difficulty through the trees and tangled underwood, at length reached the object of their search. During their toilsome progress, the light frequently disappeared, and as often again caught their eye—now seeming to change its position, and then to become stationary; these various appearances were owing probably to an optical delusion, occasioned by their own frequent change of situation from the irregularity of the ground, for it proved to be the light of a fire which burned on the hearth of a cabin, partly formed of sods and trees, and partly hollowed into the high cliff against which it rested. This was the beacon that guided the weary feet of the wanderers to a place of shelter from the inclement air, but such were the intricacies of the path, and the manner in which huge masses of granite shielded the house from observation, that even at mid-day none but one previously acquainted with the spot, would suppose that human being had ever lingered there, or sought shelter in its loneliness.

Never did knight of romance, after a midnight excursion through the windings of some enchanted forest, greet the warder's cry from the tower of a sumptuous castle with greater joy, than did our wanderers the humble fire that gleamed in this wretched habitation. As they reached the low door, they stopped to hear if haply the sound of human voice, or the noise of human toil would reach their ear—but stillness, deep as that of death, presided there. They entered, and beheld nothing within to indicate its being the late dwelling of men, except the decaying fire, that seemed to have been supplied from a heap of wood which occupied one corner of this outer apartment, and a fat hog that had been lately killed, and hung by the hind legs on the opposite side. Within this was another room, doorless, damp, and vacant, save that a bed of fresh-gathered moss lay on the floor—no other trace of human thing was here, and all was silent and solitary.

After having explored every part of the cabin, the negro replenished the fire, and selecting a larger billet than ordinary from the heap of wood, placed it as a seat for his companion, while he stretched his own giant length along the hearth, and, like Milton's goblin,

"Basked at the fire his hairy strength."

They waited for some time in the hope of finding the tenant of this lonely cabin return—a quarter of an hour had elapsed, then another, and another, but no tread of feet relieved their anxiety; at last the negro, whom we have hitherto seen act the leader and spokesman, and whose appetite had been excited by a toilsome day's journey, cast the whites of his eyes in sidelong regard at the dead hog, and said, "Master, you see we have run into this snug little cove, after the dangers of a dark night, and a lee shore, without any prog under hatches, and as this keen north-easter must have given us a shark's appetite, what would you say to a slice or two of your grinning fellow?"

"I would be much gratified to try a cut of the hog," answered his pensive companion, "if I could reconcile it to the principles of honesty, to take what does not belong to me."

"Look ye, master," rejoined the other "you are, mayhap, a deep clerk, and Thomas the black knows nothing of book-learning. But if you chopped logic till doomsday, it would fail to convince me that the Providence which preserved us, almost by miracle, when the Fanny went down, and our messmates were sent to feed the fishes, would be at all gratified at seeing us refuse its good gifts, and die of hunger and fatigue, with a soft bed of moss, and a prepared fat hog within our reach."

The negro rose without waiting for a reply, and pulling out a large clasp-knife, cut enormous collops from the hog—then he drew forth the burning embers, and with all the adroitness of a practitioner in the culinary art, he

laid the slices thereon, and after a due share of turning and broiling, he made two equal dividends of the meat, and presented one portion to his companion, whose scruples soon evaporated into thin air before the savoury steam of the broiled pork. They ate heartily, and without a murmur at the sameness of the fare, except one ejaculation on the part of the black man, for a crust of bread and a draught of grog, while his white messmate only poured a short petition for a mealy potato.

After various conjectures on both sides, which our scanty page permits us not to detail, respecting the absence of the supposed inhabitants of the cabin, they both agreed, now that their hunger was appeased, to indulge their limbs on the soft moss; but upon the land's-man's expressing reluctance to seek repose under such circumstances, the black man of the sea bid him turn in fearlessly, for they would keep watch and watch, and that should any danger appear during his hour of sleeping, he should be roused at its first approach. His companion was soon asleep, and after an hour's watching, the negro heard the sound of approaching voices, and nearer, the quick tramp of feet, and in the next moment half a dozen voices were heard in the outer room. They talked loud and quick, and seemed to express with uncouth phrase and wild oath, their joy at the success of some business in which they were engaged. The black now shook his sleeping bed-fellow, and enjoined silence by laying his ebony palm across his mouth; then, to the surprise of the other, he slipped off his dress, and lay at full length, naked in the bed. When the bustle and hurried discourse of their first entrance had subsided, one of the men bid another prepare supper—a strong glare of torchlight now shone around, which enabled our travellers to observe the figures of five ferocious, wild-looking men, all with pistols in their belts, a portmanteau, that lay on the floor, and some guns which stood against the wall. They supposed that these fierce men were thieves, and this lonesome spot their place of resort. Their suspicion was confirmed on seeing a man of advanced years extended on the floor. He was well dressed—his hands were pinioned down—his eyes bound with a handkerchief, and the blood flowed pretty freely from a deep gash in his head.

"Captain," said a fellow who was deputed to furnish the supper, "I'm blest if this here pig ar'n't cut up to the very bones."

"Cut up! Is it the hog we left whole and untouched this morning?—Jack Watson, who last left this can account for it. Watson, have you disposed of the hog?—Now mind you, my lad, if you have broken the laws of our society, by alienating the least portion of our goods or booty, you shall abide the consequence. Ho! two men to the door, lest any pass out."

"May I never eat pork or mutton!" returned the accused, "if I meddled or made with it—and come what will, Captain, I am as innocent of this charge as the child unborn. The old boy himself was certainly here, for no mortal man could discover our haunt."

"Yes, and I am not gone yet!" roared a powerful and hollow voice behind them—the wondering thieves turned, and beheld a naked being of gigantic dimensions, black as the prince of darkness himself—his massive arms were raised in a threatening attitude, while he drew up his vast bulk to its topmost stretch. A shout of dismay succeeded the first paroxysm of terror—then a rush to the door, where some tumbled headlong over the threshold, while at their heels rose a loud laugh, deriding as the arch fiend's scoff. They fled—happy to escape from a scene filled up, as they supposed, with the presence of man's ancient enemy. The exulting negro, the author of their dismay, then retired to dress, while he requested his friend in the moss, to restore the old gentleman the use of his hands and eyes. Grateful for his release from impending death, he informed his deliverers that he was a merchant of London, travelling on business to the next town, and attended by his servant; that they were attacked by robbers, and after a fierce struggle, in which the faithless servant had fled, he was overpowered, dragged from his horse, and reduced to the situation from which they had rescued him. The negro gave immediate directions to have the

gentleman's wound bound up, while he himself kept watch at the door for the returning robbers—but the first faint streaks in the east appeared, and no footstep disturbed the wary sentinel. They now prepared to depart, after breakfasting on a few additional slices of the hog.—The negro led the way, having first strapped on the gentleman's portmanteau, which remained unopened, and shouldered a pair of loaded guns, the merchant and our other acquaintance, similarly armed, bringing up the rear.

They passed without molestation through a wild and wooded country, until they reached the high road, and at the next town the merchant procured horses to London, where they arrived in safety. Having learned that his deliverers had been shipwrecked on the western coast of England, and had been travelling up to London—the one to enter on board some sailing vessel, and the other to procure in that great mart of literature and commerce, some employment for his literary abilities, when Providence made them the instruments of his deliverance from the hands of the robbers, he forced the negro to forego his nautical intentions and accept the station of porter in his warehouse, where the other filled the situation of clerk with a respectable salary.

Perhaps the reader has been curious to know who this salaried clerk is; but though extremely anxious at all times to oblige, we have been so hurried in our narration, as not to have a moment to spare for that occasion till now. Phelim M'Carthy was an Irishman, the son of the tenant of a wretched hovel in Glanfesck, a wild and picturesque glen in the county of Kerry. Owing to certain political causes, which it is not within our province to mention, the wildest vallies in Ireland were, from immemorial time, the places where Roman Catholic schoolmasters instructed the youth of their persuasion, and where all who could afford to pay, and all who could not, were instructed in Greek and Latin, Mathematics and Accounts. Phelim was of the last-mentioned class of pupils—they were denominated poor scholars; and after learning the usual course in these rustic seminaries, were furnished, by a subscription raised in their native parish, with the means of completing their studies, and taking priest's orders on the Continent, to qualify them for the Irish Mission. Phelim was a young man of considerable parts. After pursuing the usual routine of the poor scholar, he was supplied, through the influence of the parish priest, with a decent suit of black, and a tolerable sum of money; but having no vocation for the church, he resolved to try his fortune in London. For this purpose, he embarked at Cork; in a severe gale, the vessel was driven upon the English coast, and all on board perished excepting Phelim and his black friend. They had travelled under adverse circumstances, till they lost their way on the heath, where they at first attracted notice, having strayed from the highway to solicit shelter in one or two farm-houses, whence they were rudely repulsed. In three years from the date of his arrival in London, M'Carthy had risen through some subordinate gradations, to the place of head clerk in Mr. Wilson's employment. He had conciliated the regard of all that knew him. His brother clerks beheld his quick promotion without envy—the grey-headed domestics placed him only beneath their master in estimation—the great house-dog barked hearty welcome at his approach—and even the demure old cat purred her complacency, as he took his seat at the parlour-fire after the fatigues of the day. But there was one being beyond all, whose smile and welcome Phelim M'Carthy cherished with deep and silent devotion. This was Eliza Wilson, the only daughter of his employer; she was a lovely creature, of retired habits, and lived as deeply secluded in the great city of London as if she were the inhabitant of a desert. She had long beheld with partiality the graceful person and naturally polite manners of the Irishman. Upon those holidays when the family would retire from the bustle of the city to Mr. Wilson's country-house, they had frequent opportunities of being together, and an explanation of mutual affection was the result. Their favourite walk was in a romantic glen, in a certain spot of which a large cypress-tree shaded the grave of an unfortunate female, who, after coquetting her lover away, died of a broken heart. Once, as Phelim accompanied Mr

Wilson and his daughter to this retreat, Eliza repeated the story of the mouldering resident below; and next day, when the youthful pair sought their favourite haunt, McCarthy led the lady to a rustic seat opposite to the melancholy cypress, and seating himself beside her, sung the following song, which he had composed, to one of the sad and beautiful airs of his own native land of melody.

Beneath yon sad cypress, where cowslips are dying,
And green grass is glistening with dew,
Low couched in the cold earth, a maiden is lying,
Who once bloom'd as lovely as you;
Till her scorn quench'd the flame of her own constant true love,

He bade the sly traitress a final adieu,
Tho' his flame was but equalled by my flame for you, love,
So tender, so ardent, and true!

When a fond heart more kind caught his faithful devotion,
What wild woes distracted her brain!

Were hers the rich gems in the bosom of ocean,
She'd yield them to bind him again.

He smil'd at her folly—she linger'd forsaken,

And wept, as before wept her lover his wo!

Unpitied—when hopeless her bosom was breaking,
No tear did in sympathy flow.

Beneath yon sad cypress, where cowslips are dying,

And green grass is glistening with dew,

Low couch'd in the cold earth, that maiden is lying,

Who once bloom'd as lovely as you.

Be warn'd by that maid, in her dark bed of sleeping—

Deny not for ever the promise I crave,

Lest the warm bridal touch, be the cold reptile's creeping,

Thy gay nuptial pillow—the grave!

The mellowed softness of the singer's voice, the wild and melancholy air, and her own peculiar situation, empowered the listener, and she gave vent to her feelings in tears.

Mr. Wilson had observed his daughter's growing partiality for the young man. He had a high esteem for McCarthy, and did not discourage this intercourse, for he sought no wealthy son-in-law, and resolved not to sacrifice his daughter's happiness at the shrine of riches. The Irish peasantry pride themselves on their high descent, and Phelim, upon frequent occasions, gave such magnificent descriptions of the heritage of his fathers, that the honest Londoner conceived that half a barony at least would fall to Phelim on the demise of his father. He at length resolved privately to dispatch a trusty messenger to Ireland, intending to satisfy himself respecting the situation of Phelim's friends, before he determined finally regarding the contemplated alliance. The messenger set forward on his voyage of discovery, towards the El Dorado of Phelim McCarthy; and after crossing the channel, and many a road and river in South Munster, through which we shall spare our reader the fatigue of following him, he found himself, on a fine sunny noon in the month of August, at the foot of one of those wild and multiform hills between Millstreet and Killarney, which form a portion of that continuous chain, extending from sea to sea, through the counties of Cork and Kerry. Over this hill a passage led into Glanflesk, so close and precipitous, that hardly any living thing, save a Kerry goat, or a Kerry goatherd, would venture thereon. This messenger was himself born of Irish parents, natives of Kerry. I cannot determine whether it was a hereditary love of climbing at the risk of his neck, or the imperative commands of his master, that urged him on, but up he toiled the perpendicular steep with unabated vigour. He stopped to rest at intervals under the shade of a friendly holly or mountain-ash, that sprung luxuriantly from the compact, flinty rock, and quenched his thirst at the sparkling cascade, that plunged, as if poured from the clouds, over many a steep cliff. As he turned to pause upon the fearful depth below, the scream of the eagle, sailing in mid air, ascended to his ear, and groups of wild goats, and their wilder keepers, gazed upon the intruder on their haunts with mutual astonishment. At length he mastered the way, and perched among the clouds on the wild and rocky summit, near the border of a lake, he descried the habi-

tation, if habitation it could be called, of Fineen McCarthy. The front wall of the hovel, which was composed of alternate layers of huge stones and turf, rose about three feet in height. On this rude wall were the rafters, that inclined backward to a huge perpendicular cliff. The roof was thatched with heath, and over that extended a curious network of straw-rope, having the meshes about a foot square; the lateral ropes were secured by wooden pegs, and those that traversed downward, had attached to them stones of moderate size, which depended over the eaves. Beyond the cabin were seen a few patches of potato-ground, enclosed by walls of large loose stones, that rose very high, doubtless to preserve them from the incursions of goats and such four-legged marauders.

The evening sun had gone down behind the huge Mangerton, to bathe his yellow rays in the broad waters of Kenmare, as the Anglo-Irishman approached the cabin by a long and uneven causeway. At each side of this passage were collected two flocks of goats; at intervals along the rough pathway, a patriarchal he-goat sallied forth, as if to dare the leaders of the opposite herd to single combat. Nor was the challenge unanswered: the combatants met in midway, shaggy and fierce, reared on their hinder legs, and clashed their long horns in mock encounter, while a boy of fifteen years, in no other covering than a dirty woollen tunic, seemed to regulate their movements by the rude music of a horn. Within, the family were discussing their evening repast. Fineen was seated near a huge smokeless fire, on a bench strewn with new rushes—the oval, shallow basket, called skeehogue, nearly filled with potatoes, rested on his knees—between his forearm and side was lodged a long wooden mug, the ancient Irish mether, filled with goat's milk. At the opposite side, Mrs. McCarthy and her four daughters formed a goodly group round the potato-pot, while another mether of milk went briskly from hand to hand along the circle. Further down the floor, a long-legged pig grunted—a gander, with his wife, and a numerous progeny, cackled in chorus—and a cock, occupying a front position, strutted and cock-a-doodled with all due importance before the ladies of his harem. When the stranger entered, Fineen invited him to the contents of the skeehogue. The mealy potatoes and fragrant goat's-milk were gratefully accepted; and when the meal was concluded, Fineen plucked a handful of rushes from the couch on which he reclined, to cleanse his hands from the gluey matter they had accumulated in the toil of skinning the potatoes during dinner; and then, with the yawn of one crammed to repletion, flung the rushes into the fire. After some hours spent in social converse, of which the traditional tales of the country formed a part, the traveller forgot, in a soft bed of that particular grass called Finane, all the fatigues of his journey. In the morning, another repast of potatoes, goat's milk, and eggs, greeted the stranger. Without furnishing a single hint of the object of his visit, he departed, accompanied by his host, who engaged to show him an easy course through the glens to meet the road to Cork. Fineen beguiled the way by pointing out the castle of O'Donoghue of the Glens, and the rocky throne of Owen the Outlaw, of whose life and death he furnished a brief outline; then, with many a friendly "God speed," he left the stranger to pursue his route southwards.

In that day, before the vapour of hot water was taught to whirl the traveller over land and sea, a journey from Glanflesk to London, was no trifle, but Mr. Wilson's man performed the task with zeal and perseverance, for in three months after his departure, he related to his master's private ear the result of his mission.

"I shall not," said he "detract your honour by relating all my hardships on board the packet, nor the way in which Irish innkeepers practice Christian charity, by 'taking in' the wayfaring man, but shall solely confine my narrative to all I saw at the mansion of Mr. McCarthy's father. It stands on a vast and lofty eminence, surrounded by immense precipices, and no human habitation exists within a circumference of six miles around it. This loneliness, I understand is a remnant of feudal grandeur, for the McCarthys were the hereditary kings of South Munster, the fairest province of Ireland, where all the men are brave—the women beautiful—the valleys

waving with yellow corn—and the lofty hills always green. The abode of McCarthy was the strangest I ever beheld! It would have puzzled our best modern builders to determine to what order of architecture it might belong—and a net-work of some shining yellow material covered the roof. On one side lay a large lake, stored, as I was informed, with rare fish*—on the other, were gardens filled with curious trans-Atlantic productions, and enclosed by lofty walls of very strange workmanship—between stretched a long avenue, paved with immense stones, on each side of which two large parties, vassals and dependants of the chieftain's doubtless, were drawn up in warlike array and fierce attitude. The chiefs of these singled out in midway to oppose each other like the ancient knights of chivalry at tilt and tourney. They were the wildest combatants the imagination can conceive. The weapons which they clashed in playful combat were fal-cated and sharp-pointed. Beards as white as snow, and of considerable length, depended from their chins, and the shaggy hides of some wild mountain animals, enveloped their bodies. McCarthy was at dinner; and he reclined, after the oriental fashion, at his repast, on a green couch—green, I understand, is the national colour. He sat alone—for the princes of the land, from time immemorial, deigned not to sit at table with their inferiors. His lady and daughters occupied a place below him on the floor.† This fashion, I have been told, prevails in all the East, and these proud islanders trace down their descent from some Scythian or Tartar invaders that landed on the coast more than three thousand years ago. Beyond these, towards the door of the apartment, a train of dependants waited, till their liege lord should dine, for the fragments of the feast. Such a table as McCarthy's was never seen in the palace of the kings of Great Britain; this might seem exaggerated, only that I can testify on oath that the united wealth of London would not purchase the legs on which it rested; and what greatly excited my surprise, and showed the extravagant pride of these semi-barbarous Irish was, that, when at dinner, he flung the napkin in which he wiped his fingers into the fire. You might tax your poor servant with vanity were I to recount my hospitable reception—the high honours paid me—how I dined with McCarthy himself, and had a new and rare bed fitted up for my reception, though I tarried at his mansion but one night. In conclusion, I shall say, that Mr. McCarthy's hints respecting the greatness of his ancestors are totally different from the real truth of his father's circumstances, and that I have given but a faint outline of what fell under my observation."

Mr. Wilson, convinced of the young man's high descent, gave him his fair daughter in marriage; and the faithful messenger, for obvious reasons, was ever after honoured with the special confidence and unbounded friendship of Phelim McCarthy.

E. W.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

SIR—The following beautiful lines were given to me in manuscript, in the year 1825, by the brother of an officer in the second regiment of Life Guards, having been composed on the funeral of a soldier in that regiment. As to who was the author, or whether they appeared in a newspaper at the above period, I cannot exactly say; but, at all events, allow me to hope, that their high poetic merit, (approved as the verses have been by the late Mrs. Hemans,) may claim for them a place in the pages of your admirable miscellany.

G. H. P.

Newcomen Terrace, North Strand.

'Twas done—the veteran's mortal race was o'er :
I stood to watch the burial of the brave,

* In Kerry are large lakes on the tops of lofty mountains, stored with a rare species of trout, that never rise to a fly.

† In the wild districts of Kerry and Cork through which I have passed, I have generally observed all the females eat apart from the males of the same family. It is a strong presumption that our ancestors brought this custom from the East.

And trace the sad procession, as it bore
A friend and comrade to his humble grave.

Upon the coffin's sable lid they plac'd
His gleaming helmet, and his battle blade ;
And slow behind his raven charger pac'd,
'Reft of the hand whose rule he once obeyed.

His mien was like an orphan child's, whose mind
Is yet too young a parent's loss to know,
Yet, conscious of a change, appears to find
A strange importance in his weeds of woe.

No voice of sorrow swell'd upon the air—
No orphan's shriek to agonize the soul ;
But o'er each warrior's iron visage there,
Fearless and stern, majestic sadness stole.

I did not weep: but when his comrades spoke,
And told how soon the stately warrior fell—
How short his suff'rings, and how quick the stroke
That laid him low—I felt my bosom swell.

For death is welcome, oft, when slow decay,
At length, has triumph'd o'er each healing art ;
But all whom heav'n less kindly sweeps away,
Inflict a sterner lesson on the heart.

And fairer forms may sink into the tomb,
As if they merely sought a happier clime ;
And beauty's fragrant grace and hectic bloom
Seem flowers predestin'd for the scythe of time.

But yesterday in manly strength he stood,
Powerful as those who now support his bier,
As if some sterner chance of field or flood,
Death-shot or steel, were all he had to fear.

And could that ancient charger speak, to tell
The toils and triumphs of the fields he shar'd,
He might relate that there, where myriads fell,
And death was most unsparing, he was spar'd—

Spar'd from the conflict, where his tow'ring crest
Had floated o'er the closing squadrons' throng,
Within his native land to sink to rest,
And be the subject of an idle song.



EAST WINDOW OF THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH,
YOUGHAL.

(See the first page.)

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